



OXFORD
OVID'S
WALNUT-
TREE
transplanted.



LONDON,
Printed for Robert Mil-
bourne 1627.

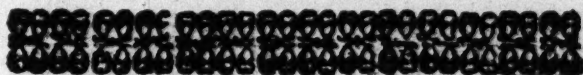




TO THE RIGHT
WORSHIPFULL
his euer honored Mother
the Ladie MARIE
HATTON.

 He native soyle of
this tree is *Italie*,
wher by the hands
of the Latine *Mu-*
ses it was planted aboue six-

A 3

teene




THE *The Epistle* OF
teene hundred yeeres agoe:
being of so excellent vigour
and durance, that no reuo-
lution of time could bring it
to decay. It seemes the
Nymphs of the woods gave
to it a speciall boon of pro-
tection against old age, more
than they haue afforded, to
the oaks of *Hauering Parke*,

97001

ε Λ

Which



Dedicatorie.

Which, when I walk among
them, seeme from their do-
ted tops and emptie trunkes
to say to mee, that *heart* of
ak is no armour of proofe
against the *sin* of *Father*
Time. y^e *be* to *not* y^e *ill*.
on This our tree, standing in
open and unfenced ground,
I haue made bold to seile y^e

v. l. i.

A. 4

on



The Epistle

on and remoue hither : By
which transplanting of a
stocke so growne and con-
ueyed so farre, it is no mar-
uell if it now droope in our
cold English soyle ; especi-
ally by reason of the vnskil-
fulnesse of the gardner, Who
being but a fresh apprentice
to the translating trade, may

iustly



Dedicatorie.

iustly feare that this Latine
plant will bee thought more
rudely battered by his rough
English penne, then euer it
was by the staues of Rustick
Passengers.

Thus with presentment
of all filiall dutie, I craue ac-
ceptation of you, my deare

A s Mother:

The Epistle

Mother : in hope that you
will vouchsafe to look vpon
this tree, set in our fields at
home ; on purpose for your
owne view : though you are
like to finde very little fruit
vpon it worthie your ta-
sting.

So wishing an happie

London

2 A

New

Dedicatorie.

New year to you, & humbly
crauing your Motherly
bleffing, I alwaies rest

Lambith this first of

Januarie, 1624.

Your obedient eldest Sonne, though

but a poore planter

in this kind,

RICHARD HATTON.

(1)



OVIDS
VV ALNVTREE
transplanted.

I The poore nuttree, ioyning to the way,
Offend not any: and yet euery day
By idle traualers, that passe along,
Each stone or cudgell at my pate is flong.
Theeues lead to hanging oft are ston'd, they say,
When peoples furie brooks not lawes delay:
I ne're offend, vnlesse it seeme a crime
To yeeld my owner yeerely fruit in time.

But



(2)

But heretofore, when fruit was more respected,
Good trees were cherished, barren ones rejected:
Good planters then, when store of fruit was borne,
Were wont their Gods with garlands to adorne.
Thy grapes O *Bacchus* oft thou didst admire,
Myrcus olives were admird by hir:
And apples had their mothers limbs downe torne,
If props and shores had not her armes vborne.
All wines did then by our example beare,
And in those dayes all matrons mothers were.
But when the fruitlesse sycamores were held
The best of all the trees dame earth did yeeld,
Wee bearers (if my selfe I may so call)
Brought them broad leaues but little fruit at all.
Our bearing now scarce holds two yeares together
And that which comes is blasted by the weather.
To beare a child by her that would seeme faire,
Is thought too base: true mothers now are rare.

If

(3)

If fruitlesse; then thus haplesse were I not
In wretched mother *Cyclops*'s clot,
If vines knew this, no grapes then would they bring;
Nor from *Mimus* tree would olives spring;
Tell this hence the pears, or apple-tree,
They then will flint, and alwayes barren bee:
The cherrie tree, that beares blush-coloured fruit,
Would bee a barren stocke, if that she knewt.
Nor doe I envie them, though barren stocks
Stand fast and are no hurt with any knocks.
Behold this row of trees stands whole and sound,
Which nothing beare for which men shold the wound.
But I am hurt, so that my boughes doth spare,
My balke is layed, my wood and heart lyes bare.
Hate is no cause of this, but hope of gaine;
Let other trees beare fruit, and they le complaine.
Halfe hang'd is he, that hath much wealth & ground;
Who hath no Steele, will scarce be gallie found.

31

The cues

(4)

Theeues he may feare, that laden is with gold,
An emptie purse makes Iourney safe and bold.
So am I set vpon, because I bring
Good store of fruit: leafe beate safely spring.
Nay and poore shrubs sometimes, that neighbour me,
Are bang'd and torne, as pittie is to see,
Yet to be beaten for, they fruit haue none:
Ill neighbourhood doth send them many a stone.
And trust me not, if prooffe doe not it show;
For other trees stand sound which farther grow.
If trees were wise and knew where best to roote,
They would be sure to stand hence some foot
Wretch that I am, who thus with losse abused
Am hatefully for neighbourhood accused.
But see my owners care and bounteous hand,
Who giues me but the ground in which I stand.
I without setting spring and grow apace,
And next the way is oft my homely place.

—aaA

The

(5)

The fruitfull fields doe me so harmefull thinke,
That I am shouldred out to th' vtmost brinke:
My shadie branches neuer prun'd hang rude
And at my roote this soile is nere renude.
Though by the sunne I often scorched bee,
Ther's none with watring that refresheth mee.
But when my nut with ripenesse cleanes her hull,
Then comes the Pole and threats my crowne to pull.
And, leaft of stones I onely might complaine,
With stanes my loaden boughes they bruiie againe.

My pulpe for second course men vse to haue.
A thrifte housewife doth my choice nuts saue.
These are the tooles of boyes-play, *Cockypall,*
Cobnut, and *Five holes* trundling like a ball:
And *Castle nut*, where one on three doth sit,
He winnes the foure, that any one can hit:
Another downe a steepe set board doth throw,
And winnes by hitting any nut below :

Ano-

(6)

Another *Odds* or *men* playes a game,
At which he winnes that can the number name.
Others chalke figures in triangle fashion,
Much like great *Delia* starrie constellation,
In which, the walnuts set in distance like,
One throwes and winnes all that his stick doth strike.
Sometime in distance set a part doth stand,
In which one throwes a nut with luckie hand.

Happie that tree, that growes in private fields:
Shee all her tribute to her master yeelds,
She neither out-cryes heares, nor rumbling wheelcs,
Nor from the neighbouring way the dust shee feels,
All that shee beates must for her master bee,
Which shee at once in compleat troope can see.
But I ner'e keepe my fruit till it grow ripe:
To soone they rob my boughes with many a stripe.
My shell but soft, my kernell milke as yet,
My nuts for any vse can ner'e be fit:

Yet

(7)

Yet now I find that some as we doe shew,
Getting poore bloots with vaine blows
Number what nuts are left, and what are gone;
The passenger hath two for throwers one.
And often when my boughs men naked find,
They blame me blasted by the northerne wind,
And others thinke mee scorched by the sunne;
Or that this mischeife by the hayte was done.
But whis no storme, that made my boughs thus bare,
Nor was it *Boreas* that my branches tare;
It is my fruitfullnesse that workes my bane;
So unto men great riches bring great paine.
Yong Polydore had gold, which cost his life;
Another rues the beaurie of his wife;
The Western gardens very safe had bin,
But that one tree bare golden fruit therein.
Yet thornes and brambles, which for hurt doe grow,
Stand safe: because their mischiefe all men know.

But

(8)

But I, because I have no thornes nor thistles
Am with each cluie in stone and in the hill heere
What though I have no thornes nor thistles
Earth shunning dog-days and the perishing summer
What though I did not yett a sheking bring
To trauellers in every sudden storme
All these good turnes I doe with diligence
And yett with stones am paid my recompence
My sheking Master adds to this my greeuance
And saies to mee I choke his land with stones
Which when he throwes away to cleare his ground
The wayes haue weapons me againe to wound
Winter, to others worst, to me is best
Then hauing nought to lose, I am at rest
Then I am bare, and doe no theeuing feare
Then thinke I Welcome nothing once yere
But yett no sooner any fruit appeares
But stones of stones doe buzze about my eares

31

My

(9)

My fruit is common, some perhaps will say,
Get it who can, it borders on the way.
If this be law, your neighbours barley mow,
Plucke olive, let not his poore porbeare grow:
Let forragers invade your Citie gates,
And rattle *London* walls vpon your pates:
Let it bee lawfull made, or thought a trifle,
To rob your Goldsmiths shops and Jewels rife:
Let roiffers snatch your coyne, and precious stones,
Or what goods else they can, and make no bones.
But all is well: God bleffe our good Kings life,
Who keepes vs safe from robberie and strife:
His awfull scepter doth our Citie guide
In blessed peace, and all his Realmes beside.
What good get I poore nut by this, though peace
Be o're the world, if my blowes cannot cease.
Therefore the frighted birds dare build no nest
Vpon my armes, nor perch here for their rest.

If

(10)

If on my forked boughes there rest a stone,
He sits as if he thought the towne his owne.

They that for other faults are oft accused,
Will stand in't twas not they, they are abused:
But they that rob me, cannot well denie it:
Written vpon their fingers you may spie it.
That which I brand them with, is my deare blood;
Wash while they will, their washing does no good.

Wearie of leashed life how oft haue I
Wish't my root withered and my branches dry!
How oft with whirlewinds to be ouerturned,
Or with a flash of lightning to be burned!
O that a storme would dash them to the earth
Or could I cast them by abortine birth.
The cause withdrawne, past is all dangerous doubt.
The hunted Beauer so his stones bites out.

What heart haue I when clownes doe cudgels take,
And pryce where they their battry best may make.

I

((14))

I to endure all their assaults am bound
Because my good mee fetters to the ground
My limbe lie out to wounds on every side
Like one that in a shewing standeth tied
Or like the heifer bound for sacrifice
Who sees the brandish knife by which he dyes
My waning leaues, you thinke the wind doth shake
The which is pangs of feare doe make their quake
If I thus guide be and doe such harme
Then choppme downe for fire to make you warme
If I thus guide be, then rid this place
And let me vndergoe but one disgrace
If me none are, yet fire can easily quely
Spare me: and so God speed your iourney well.

FINIS.

